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good will, as he would have kept her from the dangerous eminence at which she aimed. To preserve herself, she felt that the power of the cardinal must be destroyed. Hence it was, that Wolsey was banished from the royal presence, and that Henry was prevailed upon never more to see the man who had served him faithfully—who had pandered to his pleasures—who had promoted his interests for nearly twenty years. Wolsey did not long survive the blow. Late one autumn evening, a weary cavalcade stopped at the door of Leicester Abbey. "Father," said a broken-hearted, sunken man, "I am come to lay my bones among you." When the morrow's sun sank down the cardinal was no more.

Yet Wolsey deserved the honours he had won. Compared with his contemporaries he appears to advantage. He acted no assassin's part, as did Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. He plotted no treason, as did Buckingham. Oxford and the College of Physicians yet remain to show how much he would have done for the people over whom he ruled. Never was man condemned by an English parliament on lighter grounds. What he had done, he did under the cognisance of the king. His great blunder was, that he did not see what his knowledge of Henry's character ought to have led him to perceive, that to obtain Anne, Henry was prepared to violate every duty, and to burst through every moral and prudential restraint. Even here he blundered, in common with Campeggio and Clement VII., and to that blunder we owe the Reformation. Undoubtedly Wolsey was fashioned to much honour from his cradle. He had the rare skill, not only to attract men's admiration, but to retain their affections. His personal demeanour was that of a prince. The heir of a hundred kings could not have conducted himself with a haughtier mien and a more regal pomp.

Wolsey's moral character, tried by the standard of the present day, deserves the severest condemnation. Selfish, arrogant, voluptuous, in the day of his pride, he was craven-hearted in the dark hour of his disgrace. Tried by the standard of his own times, he was neither a saint nor a fiend; and he was better than most of his own class. Most of the courtiers of Henry had his vices—none his redeeming merits. It is easy for us to condemn him, but it is evidently unfair. We must not judge the men of the past by the light of the present. If they walked not according to the principles of their day, let them be reproached; but not otherwise. The time does in some degree mould the man; over most it tyrannises with an iron hand. There have been better poets than Chaucer—better printers than Caxton—better statesmen than Wolsey; but we still quote their names with respect, because in their day they were each the first of their class. To Wolsey's credit it must be remembered, that those who knew him best clung to him to the last—that when he was weighed down by misfortune and disgrace, Cromwell eloquently pleaded his cause—and that to Cavendish we are indebted for the most faithful picture of his life. Wolsey was Henry's better angel, and, left to himself, Henry became that odious monster—that blot and stain upon the annals of the old country he has ever since remained. It was not till the cardinal's death that the English people really learnt the character of their imperious and besotted king. Wolsey

"Was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

And though he was unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing
The most princely. Ever witness for him
Ipswich and Oxford. One of which fell with him,
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little;
And to add greater honour to his age
Than man could give him; he died fearing God!"

Thus writes one, whose "Henry VIII." is still worthy of study, as the best history of that time.

CAPRIFICATION.

THE inhabitants of the islands of the Archipelago derive their chief subsistence from dried figs, which they eat with barley-bread. Hence it is an object of importance to them to promote the fructification of the fig-trees. They have two kinds, the cultivated and the wild fig-tree. The former bears fruit only once a year; but the figs grow in such abundance that they would injure each other, and never reach maturity, if art were not resorted to. The wild fig-tree bears three crops of fruit a year, the figs being unfit to eat, but useful for ripening the produce of the cultivated fig-tree, by the process of caprification. Wild fig-trees begin to bear their first or autumn crop in August. These figs continue till November without ripening. Little worms are engendered from eggs deposited by a species of very small ichneumon flies, of a glossy black colour, which fly round the tree for a long time. In the months of October and November these worms, having in their turn become flies, pierce the second or winter crop of figs which appear in September. The autumn figs fall a little after the flies come out; the winter figs remain on the tree till the month of May, containing the eggs deposited by the flies which have come out of the autumn figs. In the month of May the spring figs begin to appear. When they have attained to a certain size and the eye begins to open, they are pricked in that part by the flies reared in the winter figs.

In the months of June or July, when the worms which are engendered in the figs of the third or spring crop are about to change into flies, the peasants gather these wild figs, stick them upon a sort of skewers, and put them on the cultivated fig-trees which are then in blossom. The flies which come out of the wild fig-trees, after being thus transferred, enter the cultivated fig, carrying with them the pollen or fructifying dust which they collected in moving about among the stamens of the wild fig blossoms, and introduce it to the very centre of the fruit in which they are about to deposit their eggs. The entrance of these flies produces a double effect—first that of conveying to the cultivated fig the pollen of the wild fig; and next that of causing a sort of irritation which attracts the fluid to the parts where they are, and where they lay their eggs, thus occasioning an abnormal enlargement. We see something analogous to this in pears, which, when they have been pierced by insects and contain worms inside, grow larger more quickly than the rest. It is a little surprising to see the Greeks taking so much trouble about figs; but we must bear in mind that they form a large part of their food, and that therefore quantity is of more consequence than quality.

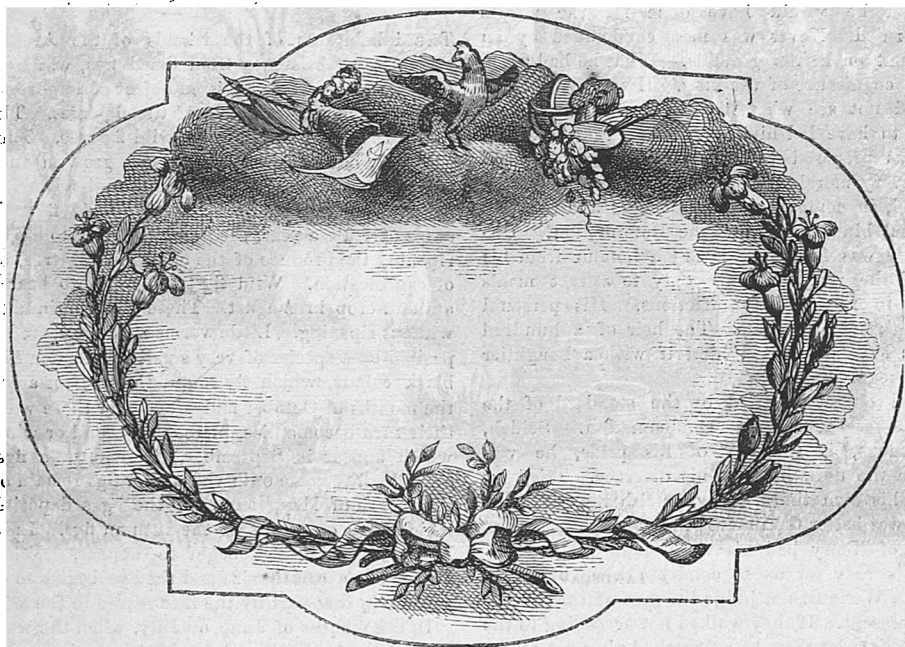
AMATEUR ARTISTS.

SOVEREIGNS and other eminent personages have not unfrequently been glad to seek relief from the pressure of weightier affairs in the cultivation of art. A long list of distinguished names might be drawn up to which this remark is applicable. The royal family of France has been peculiarly rich in such names. It is with great probability supposed that Charlemagne—the founder of the Germanic empire, and the head of

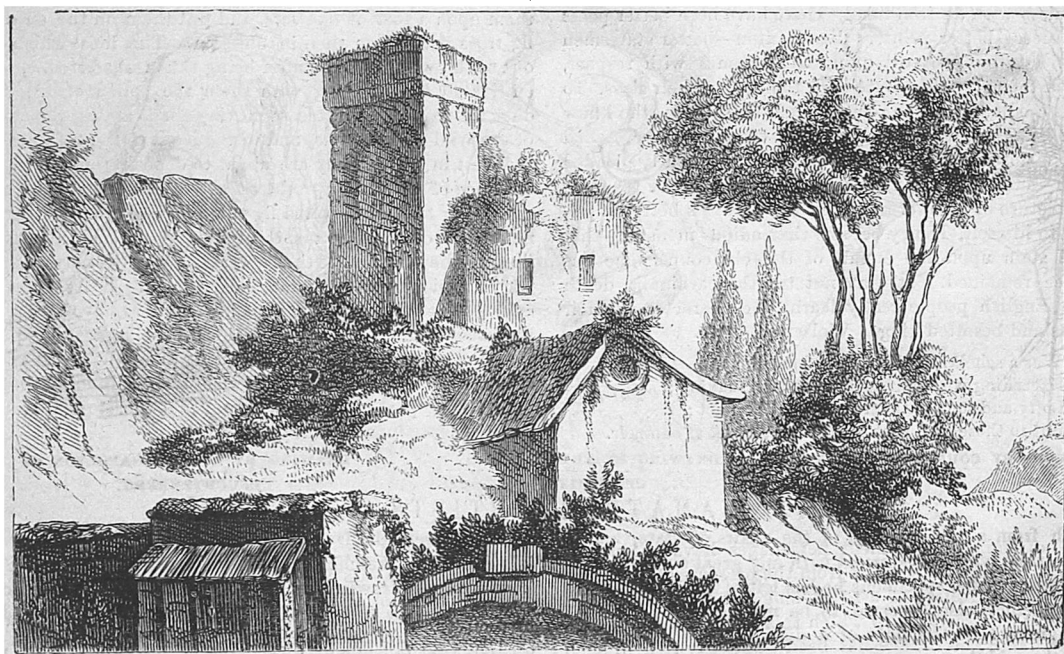
the Carolingian dynasty of French sovereigns—spent some of his leisure hours in the illumination of missals. Among other members of this family who have occupied themselves in such pursuits, may be mentioned the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV.; one of the Dukes of Burgundy, who, about the years 1694 and 1698, executed several engravings from the works of distinguished artists; Louis Charles of Bourbon,



DRAWING WITH A PEN BY LOUIS XV. WHEN A CHILD.



FAC-SIMILE OF AN ETCHING BY LOUIS XVI.



ETCHING OF A LANDSCAPE BY DUKE DE CHARTRES (PHILIPPE EGALITE).

Count d'Eu, who also engraved with much skill Louis Henry of Bourbon, whose drawing was of a superior order; Louis of Bourbon, and the Count of Clermont, who produced an excellent engraving of a landscape in the style of Coppel. The passion of the good King Rene of Anjou for the fine arts is well known—an unfortunate passion, which withdrew him

the print department of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris, includes a vast store of curiosities, to some of which we venture to call the reader's attention. In the portfolio of the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., there is a view of the Escorial Palace at Madrid, where his mother, Maria Theresa, and his grandmother, Ann of Austria, were brought up, and



A LANDSCAPE BY THE BARONESS OF HERLAC.



ENGRAVING BY COUNT HESSENSTEIN.



DRAWING BY THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.



DRAWING BY EUGENE NAPOLEON OF LEUCHTENBERG.

too much from a due attention to the affairs of state, and at the same time was not crowned with any great success, if we may judge from the specimens he has left of his artistic skill. Mary de Medicis also deserves to be mentioned for her bold wood-engraving of the bust of a distinguished woman who lived in the middle ages.

The collection of drawings and engravings by amateurs in

where his son, the Duke of Anjou, afterwards reigned. Upon a leaf are five sketches traced with a pen by Louis XV. when a child, four drawings of little houses, and the two dogs, of which we give a *fac-simile* (p. 348). In the King's Library there is a collection of pen-sketches by various princes of the royal family, from Francis I. downwards. Among these are some by Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles I.); the Count de

Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.); and the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.). We have reproduced a well-executed etching (p. 348) of a *fleur-de-lis* garland, with a symbolical trophy of a cock, arms, and objects of art, by the last of these princes.

The landscape by the Duke de Chartres, which forms our third illustration (p. 348), is the production of a genuine artist. This Duke de Chartres could be no other than Louis Philippe Egalité, so familiar to those who have read of the first French revolution; for on a leaf of the portfolio containing his engravings it is stated that he was born in 1747. Besides the natural taste for art which distinguished his family, he had a good master in L. C. de Carmontelle, who was an agreeable and faithful attendant, and after whom he engraved a small plate called "The Manœuvre of St. Cloud," in the year 1764. His six landscape etchings are really masterly productions.

It is not easy to determine the origin of the charming landscape by the Baroness of Herlaç, as she is termed in the manuscript (p. 349). It is by some thought to have been etched in 1756, from a drawing by Leprince, whose name appears on the margin of the plate. The pointed, lean, and slender figure (p. 349), like that of a gentleman-usher or a bailiff, was engraved some years later by Count Hessenstein, from an original design by M. de Hamilton, who intended this to be accompanied by a huge, fat, thick personage, with immense paunch and perruque.

Our readers may, probably, feel more interest in the next illustration (p. 349), which is a drawing by the Princess Charlotte, whose premature and melancholy death threw such a gloom over the English nation, no less on account of the singular private virtues which endeared her to the country, than the interest attaching to her position as heir-apparent to the throne. Eugene de Beauharnais, the former viceroy of Italy, who enjoyed equal popularity, was the father of the amateur artist who drew the last figure on the preceding page. The son, Eugene Napoleon, of Leuchtenberg, who was a cousin of the present Emperor of the French, married the late Queen of Portugal, whom he left a widow. There is a series of seven small etchings by him, the first of which is represented in our engraving.

The collection from which the above illustrations are taken was founded in the year 1754, when the following announcement was put forth respecting its contents:—"France loves the arts and cultivates them with success. This collection will supply striking proofs of that attachment, which extends from the sovereign to the peasant; and among the various ranks pervaded by it, may be observed some persons whose pursuits would seem almost incompatible with this pure and elevating study. It is divided into three parts: the first contains engravings by our kings, princes, and princesses; the second is composed of similar works by ladies of rank, who have amused themselves in this way; and the third includes the productions of lords and other persons of distinction, arranged in alphabetical order."

Such was the purpose contemplated in one of the most curious portfolios in the French national collection of plates. At the time of its original formation it was intended to include only engravings by amateurs; but ten years afterwards drawings were added.

Among other works deserving of notice is a small landscape bearing the following inscription, *Ludovica Maria, fecit, anno 1762*, and presented by the royal artist to Countess de Baschi, at Parma. The lady mentioned in the above inscription is Louisa Maria Theresa of Parma, second daughter of Don Philip, Infant of Spain, and Louisa Elizabeth of France.

THE MOLDAVIAN HELEN.

THE poet very properly asks, "What laid old Troy in ruins?" To this question but one answer can be given—a woman did it all. What mischief has the sex not done in its time! To please a woman Alexander set fire to his capitol, and Anthony made war with the conqueror of the world. To avenge the wrongs of a woman, monarchy was abolished in

Rome; and at a later day they usurped the wealth and power of Spain. Anne of Austria frowned on the libertine addresses of Buckingham, and the result was a war with France. The Duchess of Marlborough ruled Queen Anne, and in consequence we won the laurels of Blenheim and Ramillies. Mrs. Masham became Anne's favourite, and the protestant succession was in such jeopardy, that if Anne had not suddenly died, the Revolution would have been nullified, and James III. would have ascended the throne from which his father had been righteously expelled. Women, then, have done considerable damage. The author of the "Frontier Land of the Christian and the Turk" has given us a new instance of this old saw.

"Moldavia," writes a native historian, "like the Troad, offered the spectacle of a bloody war fought for a princess; she was as beautiful as Helen, and more innocent." The lady thus referred to was Roxandra, the daughter of Basil Luper, Prince of Moldavia about the middle of the seventeenth century, and of a Mahometan slave of Circassia, whose marvellous beauty had captivated the Christian prince. The daughter was still more beautiful, and five kings and sovereign princes of Eastern Europe disputed her hand. The father preferred the great warrior, Prince Coributh of Poland; but the daughter declared she would consent to no matrimonial arrangement till she had first seen and spoken with her betrothed. Soon after, she was at the church of the Three Saints on Palm Sunday, when it is the practice for every one to carry the branch of a tree. A youth of noble mien, in the disguise of a humble merchant, approached her and gave her the branch he held in his hand, at the same time gallantly saying, what every polite young man would under the circumstances, that the fatigues of his long journey were amply repaid by a glance of her bright eyes. The lady, of course, after such a flattering speech, took the branch—it was the least she could do—and on looking at it, she found on it a piece of paper bearing these words: "He, who burns to win thee, swears to succeed or die." The fair Roxandra concluded this burning youth could be no other than Prince Coributh, and gave him a smile which sent him away happy. Poland was then at war with the Cossacks, and being beaten, was compelled to sue for peace; but the Cossacks required, as the first condition for treating, the delivery of Prince Coributh into their hands. The young prince escaped into Moldavia, where he assumed the name of Argyrius. Here, under this assumed name, he became known to Prince Luper, who took him into great favour, and became known to the beautiful Roxandra, to whom he made love without declaring his real name, and by whom he was rejected on the ground that she would never marry any one but Prince Coributh. Meanwhile the Cossack hetman, after humbling the pride of Poland, returned to the Ukraine to consolidate his power, and to demand the hand of Roxandra for his son Timush. The young lady would not hear of a Cossack husband. The hetman grew furious, and invaded Moldavia: Luper was compelled to yield. But now the scene again changes. The war broke out again; Coributh returned to his country, and by his presence gave new courage to his troops. Fortune was unfavourable to the Cossacks, who were driven back to the Ukraine. The Prince of Moldavia then considered himself at liberty to retract his promise to marry his daughter to the hetman's son, Timush, which she implored him to do; and he now offered her hand to the victorious Coributh, whom she professed to love. The Polish suitor advanced with a numerous and warlike retinue to claim his bride. Timush armed his Cossacks to avenge the breach of faith of the Moldavian prince. The rivals met on their way to Jassy; a long and bloody battle ensued, and Coributh was killed. Bitter were the tears Roxandra shed, and still more bitterly did they flow when Timush summoned Luper to keep his word and to give him his daughter's hand. Roxandra, on her knees, besought him not to do so. Her heart was in the grave with Coributh; she never, never, could be another's. On the other hand, the boyards, fearing the country would be ravaged by the Cossacks, called on her father to save his country by sacrificing his child. The prince was in a terrible